Dear Dave and Sol, 3/4/91

Either Brooklyn's postmen have ESP or they are as of old, very old, when they were very good at delivering incorrectly addressed mail. At 2¢ a letter, 1¢ a post card.

For Dave's records, because he'll have more to forward, and it is amazing that an envelope addressed to Sol Rifkin, 15 Henry Street, was delivered, it is Sol Rabkin, and 75 Henry Street.

I now do now remember whether I included a few words about one of the co-authors of that lengthy article it would have been too difficult to xerox on our machine, so I say a few words about William (who calls himself) Scott Malone. I do not recall that Dave met him when several of us spoke at College Park. He was then 6'6" and not out of George Washington Univ. He was a friend of the other students I'm sure Dave does remember. He was very important to me the most painful day of my life. And what a reminder of the terrible medicine malpractised on me by the oldest of the HMO's, Group Health Assn, of which we were among the earliest members.

The week before I'd taken Greyhound to DC because Senator Schweiker had asked me to consult with him and his assistant Dave Marsden when Schweiker headed the Church Committee's JFK assassination subcommittee. My left leg was giving me pain and I'd made an appointment for the end of the ~~xxxxxxx~~ morning at GHA. Enough pain so I was on crutches. Only no cabbie risked stopping for a fare at the bus station in D.C. It took me 3-40 minutes of agonizing standing, on the crutches, before one did stop. I spent the painful morning in a painfully unsuccessful effort to talk Schweiker out of the four nutty theories he liked. I did debunk them all but he liked them anyway. When he saw ~~was~~ the pain I was in he phoned GHA and told the doctor I'd be late and why and they he had Marsden drive me there. The doctor gave me what he described as a sure-fire ~~and~~ very painful test for thrombophlebitis and said that was not my problem. He gave me a nitrofuran. which was of no value, and said if the pain did not go away in a week to return. But when he got to thinking about he he called me before the week was up, told me to return, and that happened to coincide with Bella Abzug's desire for me to help her prepare for hearings on compliance with FOIA and the Archives in particular. Her legislative assistant, to be able to talk to me, came out and we talked as he drove me to GHA. It did prepare for a decent hearing. GHA's Dr. Raymond Turner examined me again and said I did have thrombophlebitis and to go over to the GW hospital, a little more than half a long city block to the admissions desk. I asked him how ehen I couldn't walk. He said to take a cab. On the way to the elevator I passed a public phone, called Jim Lesar to report my destination and situation and to tell him, and I with great difficulty made my way to the front entrance, to take a cab for less than a block! And again could not get one to stop. I finally had to sit on the pointy concrete low decorative fence or something like it and continue to signal the cabs that would not stop. After quite some time this giant of a young man came up to me and asked my name. He'd phoned Jim Lesar to ask if he could help in any say and Jim sent him to rescue me. He asked how he could help and I told him to go inside the GHA building and steal a wheelchair. He did, and that is how I got to the hospital.

Later he would come up and visit with us and go over my materials. Once he stayed about three weeks. When he was out of college and moving from home we gave him some furniture we didn't need. After that I lost track of him except that he'd come up from time to time with some daring adventure to report. Once was bugging some mafia guys with a thin machine in his pocket. He had a clear tape but it was of no real meaning. Then he started getting odd jobs of more or less investigating and again I lost track until suddenly there he was with an Emmy for his investigative reporting. I'm glad to have seen the credit saying he is an investigative reporter for PBS now.

Best,

Harold